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poetry. It may safely be said that there is hardly a sound in nature which is a musical sound, and that just in the same degree as we succeed in imitating natural sounds, we depart from music. We think any person may be convinced of this by examining either the "Creation" or "Seasons" of Haydn. In both those immortal works there are some, though not a great many instances, of direct imitation of natural sounds, and we think it may be confidently asserted, that even the genius of Haydn has not succeeded in making those passages musical. The author of the music of the Bell has shown that in this matter he thoroughly understands the powers and objects of his art.

We cannot conclude without recommending this composition to the serious study of the lovers of music. It is published for the use of the Academy, in a form very convenient for study, and with the orchestral accompaniments compressed into a very practicable arrangement for the piano forte. It deserves to hold a place in every collection of piano forte music.

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3. — *The Columbian Bard; a Selection of American Poetry, with Biographical Notices of the most popular Authors.* By the Editor of "The Bard," &c. London; Hamilton, Adams, & Co. York; J. Shillito. 1835.

This is a very pleasing little volume, neatly and even elegantly printed. It contains a great variety of poetical specimens, taken from our best poets. The introduction is written in a very friendly tone towards this country. The following remarks show a candid spirit, and are an honorable testimony to the pure morality of our youthful literature.

"After a careful examination of a very large proportion of American Poetry, the Editor is happy to be able to state, that it possesses one characteristic which, he believes, is peculiar to the poetical literature of the New World, and which will prove a powerful recommendation to a very large and increasing number of his fellow countrymen; namely, — that it is of the *purest moral character*, and, for the most part, contains a distinct recognition of the leading truths of divine revelation. A fact like this, is a most convincing proof of the high state of moral feeling that distinguishes the inhabitants of America, notwithstanding all that bigoted and hired political partisans have asserted to the contrary."— pp. xv. xvi.

The biographical notices are confined to the statement of a few leading facts in the lives of the respective authors, and very brief views of their poetical character. They are marked by a

truly catholic spirit, and a delicate taste. The only thing to be regretted is their brevity. The longest articles are those upon Lucretia Maria Davidson, (of whose life and works we hope to give some account, in a future number,) Mr. Percival, and Mr. Willis. In the notice of the last-named gentleman the author is mistaken in calling him a native of Boston. He was born in Portland. The appearance of this volume, is one among many proofs of a more amicable spirit on the part of our English brethren. We hope the time is coming when perfectly friendly relations will be established between us, and Englishmen will cease to judge our authors on purely political grounds.

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4. — *Mogg Megone. A Poem,* by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston; Light & Stearns. 1836. 24mo. pp. 69.

WE fear that the diminutiveness of this volume will occasion it to be overlooked and lost in the crowd of larger works, few of which deserve so favorable regard. It is said that nature never puts a giant's mind into a dwarf's body; and it is a sort of injustice to the spirit of this poem to have thrust it into so insignificant an embodiment. It is a work of real and distinguished power, with some considerable defects both of plan and execution, but with so much strength and vividness of conception, truth of description, and beauty of verse, that we are ashamed to have allowed ourselves to defer the notice of it until we are obliged to compress it into a few lines.

It is a tale of Indian life, the scene of which is laid at Norridgewock, in Maine. Its catastrophe is connected with the destruction of the Catholic Missionary establishment there, and the death of Father Ralle. The story is not a pleasing one; it is too savage, and it is not so constructed as to excite a single and sustained interest. But its separate scenes are of great and sometimes terrible power, and they are intermingled with softer passages of a descriptive and reflective character. No one can read the scene in the outlaw's hut, when the sleeping Sachem is killed by Bonython's daughter, without a thrill of terror.

> " Ruth starts erect — with bloodshot eye,
> And lips drawn tight across her teeth,
> Showing their locked embrace beneath,
> In the red fire-light: — " Mogg must die!
> Give me the knife! " — The outlaw turns,
> Shuddering in heart and limb, away —
> But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire burns,
> And he sees on the wall strange shadows play.